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AN ENGLISH FARM SCENE.—AFTER A. J. STARK.

to the "Desert." Finally, Félicien David has produced, in dramatic music, the "Perle du Brésil," "Herculaneum," grand opera in four acts, and "Lalla Rookh," opera comique, a *chef-d'œuvre* of melodious inspiration and color. August 14, 1862, he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor.

His private life was of the simplest, his habits most regular. A person in his service said that all the year round his breakfast consisted of a mutton chop. There was one exception to the rule, that exception being Good Friday, upon which day his breakfast was two eggs. During his breakfast, Félicien David, who loved cats, had the doors of his garden opened, in order to allow free entrance to all the neighboring cats, who never missed the rendezvous. As he lived on the ground floor, you may imagine the number of cats who ran daily to this invitation.

Félicien David's was one of the most popular physiognomies of artist Paris. Everybody knew the little man with the face so intelligent and so accentuated. His lively eyes, beard cut to a point, his hair cropped and iron-gray, his carriage a little stiff and cold, composed a singular type—one of those physiognomies which attract the eye and hold it.

Félicien David had suffered much; the difficulties that had preceded the startling triumph of the "Desert" had almost crushed him. "Behold me suddenly in the shade," wrote he, in 1833. "I was not made for intrigue; still less for the conventional music which one must to-day give the public." His debilitated body always felt the struggles and the sufferings of those bitter times.

When, in the month of December, 1844, the first execution of the "Desert" excited an enthusiasm to that time unknown, success found Félicien David modest and calm. "I am recompensed for my labor and my struggles," wrote he, a few days after. "I have given my second concert, and the success has been even greater than the first. There were in the hall the *élite* of Parisian society. I receive their

ovations without being intoxicated. I know to what they hold me. It is a rugged responsibility that I have now to carry. God helping, I hope not to be inferior to myself in my new works. I have often thought of my country in the midst of my triumphs, for there is no happiness for me without that of my relations and good friends."

Félicien David remained always that which he was in those times. Never did triumphs intoxicate, and, modest and conscientious, he was one of those rare artists who make nothing of success but when they are content with themselves. —D.

#### REYNARD'S LUCK.

WE have all heard of plucking the flower of safety from the nettle danger, but it is not often that we find it blossoming there quite so naturally as Master Reynard finds it this morning, and we can not wonder at the intense satisfaction displayed in his features at the sight of what is in store for him. The scene of Mr. Schmitzberger's picture is evidently laid in Germany, where, as in America, foxes are shot or trapped, and not hunted, as in England. The huntsman, taking advantage of the first snowfall, has baited a trap for his enemy the fox in the place where the tracks in the snow show him to have lately been; but robber's luck has been on the side of the grinning marauder, who laughs to the tip of his tail as he finds the devices of his enemy come to naught in this way, and a savory meal awaiting him where it was intended that he should now be himself fast by the heels. Nor is his satisfaction at all lessened by the fact that the bird caught in his place is, like himself, a robber by profession, who has very likely deprived him in the past of more than one meal, and who is now caught while trying to steal from the trap what was intended for himself. To be sure, he has probably been saved from destruction himself, but that does not excite any emotion of gratitude in the vulpine breast. The

habit of living entirely by preying on others is not calculated to lessen one's selfishness, and it is nothing uncommon for one robber to chuckle over the punishment of another. Meantime, the chickens profit by the destruction of either.

#### AN ENGLISH FARM.

IN many, if not most respects, farming in England is the perfection of farming. The Chinese make an acre of land support more persons, but Chinese farming, like so many Chinese pursuits, is of the petty sort, that at the best can only be called gardening. On the continent of Europe, too, in many parts—as in Flanders, in Belgium, in parts of France and of Holland—greater results have been attained in certain directions than in England, but this has tended to make specialists of the farmers or to turn them into gardeners.

There is a charm about English farms that is lacking elsewhere in the world. Others may make the same amount of land "pay better"—though this would in many cases be difficult—but nowhere else will be found the natural beauty, enhanced by the same skillful husbandry and by the same charm of rural peace and quiet which is born, we suspect, in great degree of a long and peaceful occupancy for farming purposes.

The scenery is by no means always among regular fields, separated by well-kept hedges and ditches, and surrounding substantial farm houses with almost stately barns. In the few large forests may be found many such charming scenes as the one Mr. Stark has given us, which evidently shows a forest farm at the time of the morning milking. Nothing could be more truly rural, more in accordance with all our ideas of peaceful country life, nor yet anything more different from the formality of a lowland farm. Such a scene could not be found in our Western forests, where all is new which is here old.